

The Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 13, 1823.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO E.

The happy hours of childhood's day,
How soon they've passed away.

Imagination loves to paint
These early scenes, with pencil new,

And give to each resemblance faint,

A brighter, deeper hue.

Yet resolution still retains

The friends that then were loved so dear,

And long to memory remains,

My heart shall own them near.

Now thou art lovely, happy throng,

With shadowy faces, full of glee,

Before my mind, trip light alongs,

In joyful ecstasy.

And that beloved, earliest friend,

The now cheek and laughing eye,

With this fair scene their beauty blend,

And give it beauty.

Alas! I never can forget

The happy hours of childhood's day,

For ever to think with fond regret,

How soon they've passed away.

EMMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO —

My kind—sind yet I cannot tell
My heart is full, is warm

With thoughts; sweet thoughts that fondly swell,

And make me ever superior to the storm.

Thou art intense of feeling's deep excess,

With which my soul is far from thee;

For then I claim, and in thy mild caress

Find sole solace from grief's tempestuous sea.

But from those who would my sorrows share,

Thine with mine are bleeding o'er the tomb

And sink my dreams of bliss in endless gloom.

Thou art the only one that dear hallow'd spot,

With gentle smile, hath south'd my wayward lot,

And shall set o'er my gratitude divide.

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THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Translation from the Spanish of the Marquis Caracole, originally in Italian.

Oh Man! whether thou be noble or artizan, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, ecclesiastic or laity, religious or military, sovereign or subject; descend into thyself, and in silence profound and uninterrupted, reflect upon the horrors of the *Nothing* that preceded thy conception! How from nothing hast thou passed into being—how, in an instant hast thou become Spirit and Body—the conjunction of two substances, whose union appears incompatible, and whose action is one continued prodition!

Neither thy Father nor thy Mother could have had knowledge or power, to have arranged thy muscles, to dilute or liquidate thy blood, or to form and harden thy bones. A Supreme Intelligence, superior to all earthly potentates, superior to all thy ideas, willed and commenced thy existence, willed and created thee to the state in which thou findest thyself.

And who is this Intelligence? Who can exist or have existence without the universal *World*, the principle of all that vegetates and breathes, the Infinite Being whom we call *God*? His omnipotent hand guided thee when thou couldst not know him, and protected and maintained thee even to advanced years.

But, if thou wast not yesterday, and mayst cease to exist to day, is it possible that thou canst pass the day which so rapidly flies, without thinking on this Creator and Provider, without giving Him thanks, and without adoring Him?

Nothing is there within thee, nor without, that is not His work. The universe which thou foundest already formed, the Stars which illumine thee, the plants and animals which feed thee, and finally, so many creatures ever ready to satisfy all thy requirements, have not been able of themselves to procure the marvellous benefit of existence. Since all these creatures exist for thy sake, how great is thy obligation of gratitude and obedience!

Who is he, among the children of men, capable of commanding the faintest breeze that it blow not; the most diminutive fly, that it spread not its wings; the most imperceptible atom, that it move not? Ah! weak and impotent, even ourselves possess not, but as lent, our own existence, and act solely through Him who giveth motion and life.

Our generation commenced like all those that have preceded us, therefore we cannot but acknowledge a principle of production, who, incapable of being created, or creating Himself, must necessarily have existed anterior to time. How is it possible to conceive an instant, in which God might not have been God, one instant only, in which the Supreme Being, the sole, necessary, omnipotent and universal, might not have possessed those qualities as essential as they are eternal?

The above, which has perhaps never appeared publicly in an English garb, was recently rescued from some loose papers devoted to the flames, but on reflection, was thought worthy of a place in your useful Paper, which is submitted by

A SUBSCRIBER.

"A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be." The thought of being covered up in the earth, removed from the view and enjoyment of all the delights of life, to moulder away by piece-meal, the food for worms, and oblivion's victim, will sometimes flash upon the mind with a painful and melancholy power. It is then that the pursuits, the glorious, and the fleeting pleasures of man's earthly pilgrimage, appear in all their emptiness and vanity, and, for a moment, sink into nothing before death's chill and withering aspect.

I have sometimes wished that such views of what is real, and, at farthest, must come soon, were more often present to the mind than the nature of man seems inclined to allow. At other times, I have supposed that the Creator has wisely and mercifully ordained that the disheartening view of the final end of man should not always fill the imagination to destroy useful ambition, and bright enjoyment. Frail, however, as is human virtue, and weak as are our good resolutions, no single motive to a blameless life should be cast into the shade or lose its influence. If the certainty of death, and the solemnity of a future judgment, were to operate with appropriate power upon the mind, men would live better, more rationally, and with surer prospect of the Creator's mercy hereafter.

Over the earth which covers a human body, what an interest is excited! What feelings are generated! What resolutions started! The past, the present, and the future, open upon the mind, and subdue and chasten every unhallowed emotion, every turbulent passion.

I recollect being present at the burial of a female, in the northern section of our country, cut down in an early period of life by the consumption, that insatiate leveller of youth and beauty. The morning, about 10 o'clock, was bright, and the animating warmth of the sun, had quite driven away the lingering traces of winter. The decent villagers were assembling to pay the last melancholy service to the dead. The solemn procession moved in due time to the place appointed for all living—the lifeless body was deposited in its still abode—

and the earth fell with a heart-breaking rumbling on the hollow-sounding coffin. In a moment a clergyman, of the Methodist persuasion, gifted, as I afterwards found, with every ornament of learning, liberality, and religion, was seen lifting his hands to Heaven, accompanied with a voice of deep-toned feeling, which, with the quivering lips and chilly paleness of his quiet countenance, added sanctity to the occasion, and doubled the emotion of every heaving breast. It was the first time I had ever listened to the Church of England funeral-service—a performance of unrivaled beauty! and on this occasion the holy and impressive manner of the speaker added to its eloquence and effect.

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obligation; he had found him in a manner, under his roof, and he felt it his duty to afford him the rights of hospitality; but having now gratified all his wishes, he desired he would retire. The young man was moved by his manner, and said, that he had but one other favor to ask, in addition to the many that had been conferred upon him, and that was that Mr. Beckford would have the kindness to send one of the servants down with him to the gate, to desire he might be permitted to depart; as from the difficulty he found in getting in, he was apprehensive he would find it equally difficult to get out. To his surprise and discomfiture, however, Mr. Beckford thus replied—“No, Sir, as you got in you will please to get out. In what I have done, I have only conformed to the laws of hospitality; and as you came in an uninvited guest, you cannot complain of being left to go as you came;” and he instantly quitted him. We have only to conclude the anecdote by stating that nearly the whole night was spent in attempts to climb the wall, before the adventure succeeded in gaining the open country; and this at last effected with the loss of the skirt of his coat and one of his shoes. Persons of the highest distinction have been refused admission to the abbey.

CAPTAIN SAVAGE.

When the British squadron lay in the Scheldt, (in 1794,) co-operating with the army, and protecting the transports, a curious incident occurred, highly characteristic of the manners and customs of the British navy. Captain Savage, of the Albion of 64 guns, lying at anchor before Fushing in company with the Dutch squadron, under rear-admiral Vangier, a friendly intercourse was kept up between them. Captain Savage was dining with the Dutch admiral, when the latter received a message which occasioned some agitation; the admiral went on deck, but returning to his seat, informed Capt. Savage he had caused two of his crew to be taken out of his (Capt. Savage's) barge and put in irons, as they were found to be Dutch subjects. Captain Savage quietly observed, without interrupting his dinner. “You had better put them back again to the boat, admiral?” “Why?” asked the admiral in warmth, “had I better do so?” “B cause,” rejoined the British veteran, “if you do not, I shall order my first lieutenant, (and he seldom disobeys my orders,) to bring the Albion alongside the Utrecht, and (raising his voice just so much as to harmonize with the subject) d—n me, if I don't walk your quarter deck til he sinks you.” It is scarcely necessary to add, the men were immediately returned to their boats.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The remarks in your last, addressed to the Printers, were doubtless written under a correct impression of the importance of the subject, and the writer evidently possesses a desire of being serviceable, (so far as his opinion and advice may be supposed to operate,) his motive may have been laudable, however he may have failed in the performance. The remarks contain at least a due proportion of friendly admiration, which may not possibly prove useless, and a degree of approbation which I presume was not altogether unacceptable; for praise is a grateful incense, and when merited is entirely justifiable and commendable; operating as a useful incentive to a perseverance in well doing.

By this unexampled success she was enabled to remove her father and family from obscurity, and to place them in a situation where want can never reach their dwelling—she now graces the domestic circle in a manner as creditable to herself, as it is satisfactory to all those who have the honor of associating in the fashionable parties of which Lady — is the principal point of attraction.

MR. BECKFORD OF FONTHILL.

An anecdote illustrative of the character of this singular individual, and of the strong curiosity which the fame of his edifice and its contents has induced, is told in the neighborhood of Fonthill. A young man, residing at some distance from the Abbey, and it would seem, an ardent lover of antiquities, had made repeated efforts to get within the sacred boundary of the domain, but without success. The Cerberus at the gate was incorporeal, and he was assured that any application to it would be useless. Determined at all hazards to gratify his curiosity, he at last resolved to scale the wall and leave the rest to chance. With some difficulty, and after patient search, he at length found a spot which was accessible, and at great personal risk gained the park. He then proceeded with considerable caution to the Abbey, the exterior of which he began to examine with wonder and delight. Finding he was uninterrupted, and observing a sort of death-like stillness prevail, he grew more bold, and ultimately approached the principal entrance, the construction of which he was minutely examining, when a servant suddenly burst upon him, and in tones of alarm demanded his business. The young man stated the object of his visit, and offered a large bribe if he might be permitted to ascend the tower. The servant assured him that it was as much as life was worth to comply with his desire, and advised him if he valued his own safety to retire as speedily as possible. Nothing dismayed, the intruder persisted in his entreaties, and was again repulsed, when to the dismay of the servant, the gloomy master of the mansion approached, and in tones of alarm demanded his business. The young man stated the object of his visit, and offered a large bribe if he might be permitted to ascend the tower. The servant assured him that it was as much as life was worth to comply with his desire, and advised him if he valued his own safety to retire as speedily as possible. Nothing dismayed, the intruder persisted in his entreaties, and was again repulsed, when to the dismay of the servant, the gloomy master of the mansion approached, and in tones of alarm demanded his business.

“Living streams” has also a doubtful meaning, taken as it stands here. Living streams, or which is the same, the streams of life, in my acceptance of the terms, apply in a different sense, and to other objects than those which your “erudite” correspondent has given it.

I may be myself incorrect in this respect, but I am inclined to view in a different and even higher light, this forcible and beautiful scriptural figure.

In the first portion especially, of the concluding paragraph of the remarks, there is, as Shakespeare perhaps would say, a “palpable failing off,” and the manner of your correspondent assumes a forced and inelegant style and turn of expression, not exactly comporting with the commanding attitude in which the preceding language has placed him. Although on the whole, considered as the opinion merely of an individual, its apparent meaning and intention may probably excuse in some degree, the tone of the remarks, while a less assuming style might have entitled them to more consideration.

But I find I am laying myself open to the same correction. I will therefore take my leave with an apology for troubling you, and an assurance to your correspondent, that my observations are offered with entire frankness and good humour, and in extenuation of the liberty taken, and freedom in its use, I plead the “liberty of the press.”

A READER.

MANDONOCHE—A TALE.

“I ask no favours from you, nor indeed can you bestow any, for life has now no charms, and I shall be happy in reposing in the grave,”—were the words of the convict Mandonoch, when the judges, who were about to sentence him to death offered him a pardon if he would discover his associates in guilt. His proud soul disdained to accept a favour when offered conditionally, much less would he avail himself of one when it was to be obtained by a violation of his word. The man who had brought him off to the verge of destruction by a breach of the laws of his country, had still too nice a sense of honour to forfeit it for the paltry reward of existence. “You see before you,” continued Mandonoch, “one who through all the vicissitudes of his life (and they have been many, very many) still preserved the consciousness that he was a man. He has infringed the laws of society, and he is ready to lay down his life as a reparation for his offence; but he will never sacrifice the companions of his fortune to secure that which he has long considered a burden.” The judges then consulted among themselves, and after a pause of a few moments, the eldest arose—“The court was wrapped in silence. Not a whisper disturbed the solemnity of the scene, when the awful sentence was pronounced. Mandonoch listened with calm attention. His features preserved their serenity, and the frown of majesty which generally dwelt on his brow, gave place to a faint glow that illuminated his countenance.

When the judge was reseated, Mandonoch bowed profoundly, and thus replied—“To you, sir,

who have, in the performance of your duty, pro-

nounced my fate, I return my thanks for the im-

partiality with which you administered justice.

To die is what I wish; but to die an ignominious

death!—he shook his head, his features were

momentarily convulsed; but he recovered his

firmness and resumed—“An ignominious death

must be hateful to every one who has ever been

held in estimation by his fellows

Bank Note Exchange.

COLLECTED BY P. J. DECKER.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 13, 1823.

Per. Ct. Dis.	Per. Ct. Dis.
U. S. Br. Banks.....	Montgomery Co.....
N. Hampshire Banks.....	Chester C. W. C.....
Vermont.....	Lancaster Bank.....
MASSACHUSETTS.	Carlsbad Bank.....
Boston Banks.....	York Bank.....
Worcester Bank.....	Chambersburg Bank.....
Springfield Bank.....	Gettysburg Bank.....
Hampshire Bank.....	Pittsburg Bank.....
Phenix, of Nantucket.....	Greensburg Bank.....
Salem Banks.....	Brownsville.....
Other Mass. Notes.....	Washington.....
RHODE ISLAND.	Meadville.....
Providence Banks.....	Marietta.....
Burrillville Bank.....	Dunata.....
Freeman's Bank.....	Bank of Delaware.....
Franklin Bank.....	Wilmington & Br. & Br.
Washington. Westerly.....	Commercial Bank.....
Other R. I. Notes.....	Branch at Milford.....
CONNECTICUT.	Laurel Bank.....
Marlford Bank.....	Smyrna Bank.....
Phoenix, at Hartford.....	Baltimore Banks.....
Eagle Bank, N. H.	City Bank of Balt.
Middletoe Bank.....	Annapolis.....
Eridgeport Bank.....	Havre de Grace.....
Berby Bank.....	Bk. of Westminster.....
Norwich Bank.....	Elkton Bank.....
New-London Bank.....	Bank of Caroline.....
NEW YORK.	
City Banks of N. Y.	Richmond and Br.
Jacob Barker's Bk'.....	Bank of the Valley.....
Washn. & Warren Bk'.....	Branch at Romney.....
Alliancy Banks.....	Do. at Leesburg.....
Bank at Easton.....	Do. at Charlestown.....
Troy Bank.....	N. W. Bk. of Va.
Mohawk Bank.....	WHEELING.
Lansingburg Bank.....	Geneva Bank.....
Newburg.....	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
Do. at Ithica.....	Bks. at Washington.....
Catskill Bank.....	Franklin Bank of no sale.
Middle Dist. Bank.....	Out. Bk. at Utica.....
Auburn Bank.....	St. Bk. at Raleigh & branches
Utica Bank.....	Cape Fear.....
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.	Newbern.....
Bank of Col. Hudson.....	Most others.....
Orange Co. Bank.....	Steubenville.....
Out. Bk. at Utica.....	Most others.....
Plattsburgh.....	NEW-ORLEANS.
Canada Bank.....	City Bank Notes.....
Bank of Montreal.....	Farmers' Bk. Lan'.....
NEW-JERSEY.	Spanish Dollars.....
B. of N. Bruns'k'.....	Doubloons.....
State Bank at N. B.	\$15.50
Trenton Bank.....	Easton Bank.....
Jersey Bank.....	American Gold
Salem Bank.....	1 p. c. pm.
Cumberland Bank.....	
Farmers' Bk. M. H.	
State Bank, Camden.....	
Do. Elizabethtown.....	
Do. Morristown.....	
Do. Patterson.....	
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia Banks.....	Marietta.....
Harrisburg.....	Steubenville.....
Reading.....	Most others.....
Northampton Bk'.....	no sale
Easton Bank.....	NEW-ORLEANS.
Germantown Bk'.....	

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

OBITUARY.—What a fearful destroyer of youth and beauty is the consumption!—We see the victim whom it has stricken, pine slowly away; fading like a rose which has been blighted by the winter blast. How interesting lovely Woman seems in the last stages of this disorder. Now her countenance wears the ghastly hue of death, and again is flushed with an unnatural bloom. At one moment she seems triumphing over her malady, inspiring hope and joy in the bosoms of anxious friends; at the next they see with sorrow that death's agent has done its duty, and death, inexorable death, is about to claim his prey.

Died of this disease, on the third instant, Miss CATHERINE ANNE MAGDALENE JOHNSON, in the eighteenth year of her age. In the death of this young lady her friends have sustained no common loss; her family no small bereavement. To the cheerfulness of youth she added that piety and seriousness which adorn and dignify the young.—She was dutiful to her parents; affectionate to her companions, polite to all. Afflicted by a lingering disease, no murmur escaped her lips; she knew that an early death awaited her, and bowed in resignation to the will of heaven. Let beauty drop a tear, for she was lovely; let virtue mourn, for she was good. Yet why should beauty weep? why should virtue mourn? She has gone to a land where loveliness never fades, and where goodness receives its eternal reward.

Heaven saw she was too good, too bright; For such a dreary world as this, And took her to the realms of light, To dwell in never ending bliss.

December 8th, 1823.

W.

COMMUNICATION.

The following article was handed to us in time for insertion in our last paper, but owing to a press of other matters we were obliged to defer it.]

Mrs. Editor,

You will no doubt unite with me in the sentiment, that no paper of the kind which has appeared for many years, will be read by all classes of our countrymen with greater satisfaction, than the President's Message to the present Congress.

The clear, luminous, and independent exposition it gives of the state of our country, both at home and abroad, is such as must be gratifying to every true American, and awaken in his bosom feelings of an animated and exalted nature, and make him feel proud for the honour of his country, and of those who are so capable of presiding over its destinies; for we hope there are many among us who would display equal abilities when called into action, as those which we have now the opportunity of admiring. It is impossible, says Mr. Monroe, that the allied powers should extend their political systems, to any portion of either continent, without endangering our peace and happiness. It is equally impossible, he continues, that we should behold such interposition, in any form, with indifference.

Our policy in regard to Europe, is still the same as heretofore; "which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government de facto, as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank firm, and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every power; submitting to injuries from none." Spirit of '76!—may such sentiments breathe through every artery of our political body! it may be tempered with moderation and be governed with prudence!

His sentiments in regard to Greece, is equally honourable to his head and his heart, and such as might be expected from the ruler of an enlightened and free people, who having been blessed with the influence of liberty themselves, know how to appreciate its value and importance to others.

The view given of our strength and respectability as a power, and the rapid advancement of our national prosperity, since our existence as a nation, is extremely gratifying, and well calculated

to call forth the warmest gratitude of the heart. By the bye, while commenting, and with so much cause of congratulation, on the general prosperity of our country, we were sorry to observe no allusion or reference whatever to the source from whence those blessings proceed. To be sure it may not be considered as an essential or necessary appendage to the documents of our public officers, but still we think, that in an annual paper of this kind, emanating from such a source, the head of a professing body of christians, and having so extensive a circulation among every class of our countrymen, we think it would at least look well, very well, and might probably not have, as an example, a negative effect, or be altogether unproductive of a beneficial tendency: besides we remember the example of Washington, and a noble one it was, worthy of the founder of a great and free republic. If we recollect aright, his messages were always accompanied by some acknowledgment, or something in a measure expressive of that due sense of thankfulness to Divine Providence, which a consideration of the mercies we were then, and have been ever since receiving, was calculated to inspire. However, perhaps be considered as useless and unfashionable. On the whole, it is, doubtless, in every point of view, one of the most interesting and important messages that has ever been presented to Congress. Its sentiments and composition throughout are such as must reflect a credit on the nation. The Washington's, Jefferson's, and Monroe's of our country are passing away. May others arise hereafter to emulate their example. Under the guidance of such men, and the blessing of Heaven, the flame of LIBERTY shall be kept bright and unsullied.—In spite of ignorance, superstition and tyranny, it shall yet spread around with an effulgence that may even enlighten the whole earth.

From the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald.

SWAIM'S PANACEA.

The Subscriber, from a sense of duty to Mr. WILLIAM SWAIM, of Philadelphia, is induced to make known a case where his medicine, called PANACEA, has had a most surprising effect, and hopes many who are afflicted with any kind of humour or Scrofula may receive benefit from its use.

His son a lad of ten years of age, has for nine years been affected with a humour in his head and eyes to a great degree. At the age of three years his eyes were so bad that the celebrated Dr. Warren, of Boston, performed an operation upon them, supposing it would cure them; but it had little or no effect; since then, every year, he has been for weeks and months obliged to leave school and studies, to be kept in a dark room, with constant blisters on his back and behind his ears, with an issue on one arm, using more or less calomel, dipped in salt water and elecerised for months, all to no purpose; and the conclusion was, that he must eventually be blind.

A dreadful explosion of a coal mine, belonging to the Marquis of Londonderry, took place near Durham, on the 3d of November. There were between ninety and a hundred persons in the pit, all of whom perished. About forty of the bodies had been taken out.

A Paris paper, of the 2d of November, revives the report that the Marquis La Fayette, intends to visit the United States.

The new Pope intends to proceed on a tour through England and Ireland.

Accounts from the city of Trent state, that they consume one twentieth part of the sugar cane raised in the island, with great quantities of corn, &c. Thirty thousand have been caught and killed on one plantation in a single year! Traps, poison, terrors, &c. are used to destroy them, but their numbers appear undiminished.

That the Panacea may be more generally known and used, has induced the subscriber to send for a few more bottles that he supposed will be necessary for his son, and he would spare them to those who may be inclined to use it, at the original price.

ARTHUR GILMAN, Newburyport, Mass.

N. B. Spurious medicines, purporting to be SWAIM's Panacea, have been offered for sale in various places, and known to have been of serious injury to those who have used it. I deem it my duty to caution the public against purchasing, unless they have satisfactory evidence of its being genuine.

CAPTAIN PARRY.

The illness of this gallant officer, which has lately been mentioned in the newspapers, arose in consequence of a disappointment in love. He could smile at the horrors and dangers of the frozen zone, but the cruelty and coldness of his betrothed was too much for him. A beautiful, lovely and accomplished young lady, who had exchanged with the gallant officer in question, a mutual pledge of unalterable attachment previous to his embarking on his dangerous enterprise, and the promise of an immediate and honourable union on his return, has, during his absence, forgotten the pledge she had given, and afforded reason to believe that the gallant officer is no longer the favoured object of her affections. On his arrival in London he hastened, after the first discharge of his public duty, and drove with unalterable attachment, and fond anxiety to the lady's house in the neighborhood of Portland-place, to pay his first attentions to the object of his highest esteem, and receive her congratulations on his safe return, but, to his surprise and sorrow he found the house had been for some time shut up, and that the family had quitted London; and upon further inquiry he learned that some change had occurred with respect to the affections of the chief object of his solicitude, which made it advisable that he should endeavour to eradicate from his mind all recollection of her plighted faith and influence over his heart. It is stated that the lady in question is a sister of Capt. Sabine, who accompanied Capt. Parry on his first voyage, and who was in New York sometime since, making astronomical observations.

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London Fashions for November.

WALKING DRESS.—A pelisse of gros de Naples, of a barbel blue, ornamented down the front with a richly embossed serpentine waving of satin; the bust, which is made to wrap over on the right side, unites the same kind of trimming to the skirt; between each hollow of each is a small silk button, of the most unrivalled workmanship, though apparently simple; a blue satin belt encircles the waist fastened in front with a gold buckle. The manchons are pucker'd, but not very full; and the cass, at the wrist, is finished by indented antique squares; but they are turned back, which is an improvement. The ruffles are scanty, and are of fine lace, vandyked. A double ruff of Mechlin lace surmounts the pelisse. The bonnet is of white figured gros de Naples, crowned with a simple bouquet of double blue hyacinths, and tied with barbel blue ribbon; a lace or blond corsette is worn underneath, and a white guipure veil is thrown in careless disorder over the left side of the bonnet. A gold chain, with a large perspective eye-glass, is generally adopted with this dress and a reticule of white gros de Naples. Half boots of corded silk, and Slippers.

A law is in force in Holland, which forbids Schoolmasters receiving, as pupils, children who have not had the small pox or been vaccinated.

According to an official report, 1,236 persons died of Small Pox, in Paris, during the year 1822.

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